they could not settle at once questions which we ourselves have not yet settled entirely.

If the colonists when they began the war had no idea of declaring their independence still less had they had intentions of making themselves into a permanent confederation. They were simply allies in a common cause; and if they had looked forward to complete independence at all it would have been as distinct republics. The notion of local rights was deeply implanted in each one of them. This in itself is enough to show you that England had not hitherto interfered with them very much and constitutes another reason for your not blaming people who wished to stick to a country which on the whole had treated them very well. But the consequence of having been so long allowed to do as they pleased was that all these separate and jarring States disliked the thought of even a loose connection between them if it were to be permanent. It meant making concessions to each other which none of them was prepared to make. Very few people were willing so early as 1774 to echo the words of Patrick Henry when he said: "I am not a Virginian; I am an American." Lafayette thought that the members of Congress hated one another as much as they hated the common enemy.

But in the case of the Constitution as in the case of the war itself events kept pushing. Events have always this power of taking things out of people's hands. You yourself will remember this almost in your own experience in the days before the great world war. We as a people began and wanted to remain neutral, but the aggressive acts of Germany finally pushed us into the combat. People at first were very suspicious of the movement which was started along with the declaration for a permanent confederation of the colonies. It was not until after the revolution had been won and the danger of weakness in disunion had become very clear that the idea began to find acceptance in the minds of the majority. Franklin, you remember, was called the president and not the Governor of his State; and it took five years after the end of the war for people to get used to the thought of having a power above the State Assembly and an office above that of its president. Not until then were the leaders of the States assembled in an actual attempt to draw up a constitution. Then came four months of bitter debate between the leaders who wanted as much power as possible for the national Government and the leaders who wanted as much power as possible for the individual States.

Naturally, therefore, the literature of all this period was mainly that of passionate dispute. A dispute not about theology as that of the Puritans had been but a dispute about politics. It was sometimes as splendid literature of its kind as the whole world has ever produced; but it was not the kind which we call pure literature, writing merely for its own sake. Often, indeed, it was not writing at all. Some of the best speeches of the Revolutionary period were not even put down on paper at the time. And there were speeches, and speches, and speeches! Before and during the war there were, of course, speeches against the King and the Loyalists, and speeches against other people who differed from the speaker in ideas of how to get rid of both of them. After the war came the second flood. Speeches by people who wanted the States to separate and people who wanted them to stay together. And then by people who wanted a part of the proposed new Union to be stronger than the whole, and by people who wanted the whole to be stronger than any of its parts. Washington said that Congress, where only a small portion of all these speeches took place, was torn by the strife between persons and parties. And Franklin said there was no telling whether the whale would swallow Jonah or Jonah would swallow the whale.

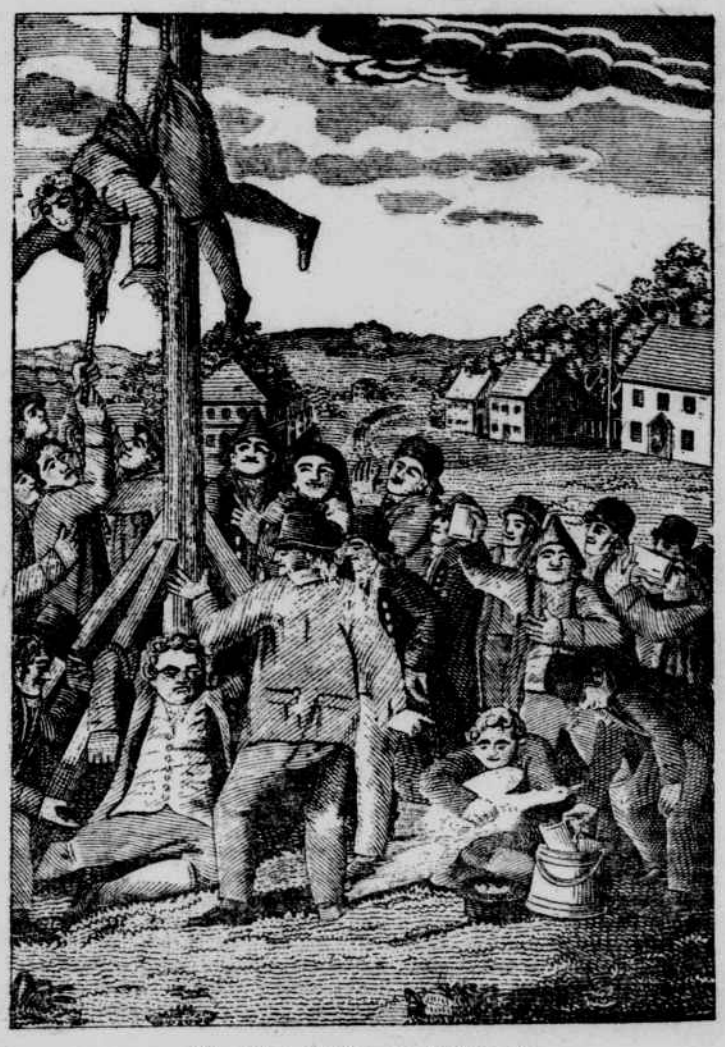
One feature of dispute is derision. Two little boys or two little girls never have a difference of opinion without angrily making fun of each other. They try to belittle each other's good points and exaggerate each other's bad points. We call this derision, sarcasm and satire. There were salty oceans and oceans of satire during the War for Independence, and during the first, fortunately bloodless, war for the Constitution. Most of it took the form of songs and ballads. Even the best of these were like almost all such productions struck off in the heat of battle—when the smoke clears away they are seen to be not so good as they seemed at the time. You know how this works yourself. After a quarrel is over you can think of far more stinging remarks than when you were at it hammer and tongs. But the occasion has gone by for saying them, and you wouldn't want to say them if it hadn't, now that your blood has cooled off a bit.

Then there were also many songs and ballads about the incidents of the war. These, too, are never likely to seem as good to a later generation as they seemed at the time. But some of them were certainly much better than the one which stuck so long in people's minds that it remains there now as a national song. This is Yankee Doodle. Have you ever wondered how it was that a patriotic song could be speaking of "dandy" and "macaroni" and have such a ridiculous word as "doodle" in it? It was largely an old song and sung to an old Dutch tune; and it seems to be the original chorus which we sing now. It made fun of people who dressed up in fine clothes and thought they were fine fellows. Perhaps the slang word we sometimes use now for that kind of fellow, "dude," came from the same idea as "doodle." "Macaroni" was the slang word they used then and it meant about the same as "dandy" does now when you mean a chap who thinks more of his clothes than the man inside them. So when the British soldiers sang this song about the American soldiers they meant to convey that they were just play soldiers and not much as fighters. The first complete set of new words to this old song was "The Yankees Return From Camp," and was written in 1775. The Yankees, you see, took a song which made fun of them and turned it into a victory song. Naturally, it was very successful.

Such songs to be successful do not need to have any literary quality. If they have a good catchy tune which can stir people, that is all that is necessary. It is almost like a school cheer. Rah! rah! rah! Bi! bo! bah!" will make a much better cheer than if you had good words or even real ones. It is the way you say them which has the inspiring quality you want in a cheer. So with almost all national songs. It seems to be the tune which makes people remember them.

Another national song of which we can be a little prouder has entirely original words and an original tune. It is "Hail, Columbia," written in 1778, when it looked as though Americans might go to war with France. For the two allies were quarreling with each other about their rights almost as soon as the Allies of the world war fell to quarreling about theirs; and in that case, as now, the quarrel did not spring so much from the Governments as from the passions of unreasonable and selfish people. The third song which stuck in people's minds we can approve still more as literature. This is "The Star Spangled Banner," written actually during the bombardment of a fort in the second war with England in 1812. It is the words of this song and its origin rather than the singableness of its spirited tune which has made it one of our chief national songs. The foremost one of all, our national hymn, was not composed until much later, in 1832.

Many people deplore the fact that "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" is not more national. A witty person has said that it is only an American translation of the English national hymn and set to the same tune, which is German. But why is this so deplorable? We are not a brand new fact in the world's history, and all the world has had a share in the making of us. Some day a new national hymn will arise which, while it will not, we hope, depreciate the contributions other nations have made to our success, will spring more from our own soil. But one cannot force national hymns in a hothouse, and we must not be impatient. It took many times our national lifetime to produce those of other countries.



The Tory's Day of Judgment.

Impatience was probably one of the reasons why the period just after the Revolution produced such poor literary fruit. People who could write felt that we were a wonderful phenomenon and should talk like one. Many enthusiastic patriots even thought we should invent at once a new language and not speak English any more. The people whose writing was not called forth solely by the civil and political strife of the time feared they would be disgracing America unless they talked in a bigger way than their voices would let them. They were something like a boy who has just put on long pants or a girl when she first does her hair up. You feel you can't stand straight and tall enough unless you stand like a ramrod and tiptoe at that. What happened in this period when writers felt they must develop over night a big, different and national voice was just what happens when you try to stand long on your tiptoes. Stiff as you are, you wobble.

About the tallest form of literature which can be written is an epic. It tells the story of the race or of humanity. Indeed, it is so big that people haven't written any for a very long time, because nowadays we think that to tell things on such a colossal scale is likely to make them break in the middle with their own weight. Or perhaps it could be said that an epic is like one of those prehistoric animals which were so huge that in the end they couldn't get food enough to keep them alive. There were several people in America who felt that a new and different kind of nation must produce a special brand of genius at once, and they set about proving it by writing epics. But, as you may imagine, these dreary, blown up, manufactured poems, so far from being native, only showed that their authors had selected something they admired best in classics or in English literature and tried to outdo it.

All this, of course, was not unnatural or even unpleasing in a new nation just born out of revolution. You expect it to brag a little. This epic phase soon passed away, but another and worse form of the same thing has unfortunately characterized America almost ever since. We shall see that many of its most patriotic and devoted citizens it has from time to time condemned because they ventured to censure this habit of talking big. When a boy puts on his long pants he gets suddenly very touchy about his new manhood and constantly suspects he is still being treated like a child. Principally he resents any one finding fault with him. Our new nation, unfortunately, did not get over its long pants age for a century. Even to-day we as a people are still somewhat intolerant of our most earnest voices when they dare to suggest that we or our form of Government are capable of improvement. Even yet, there are not many wise enough to see and own what the wise Franklin saw in the beginning. He saw that our Constitution, splendid as it was, should have been better and could have been so had it not been forced to an all around compromise in order to get itself passed at all. "It is," said he, "as near perfect as any numerous body of men could bring it, handicapped by their prejudices, their passions, their local interests and their selfish views."

Justifiable Homicide

THE STAG COOK BOOK. A man's cook book for men. Collected and edited by C. MacSheridan, with an introduction by Robert H. Davis. George H. Doran Company.

THE list of contributors to this volume reads like an abbreviated "Who's Who" of famous Americans, with a few names that are not American. The President is there, with his recipe for waffles. Diplomacy is there with the Ambassador from the French Republic giving his ideas of how a radish salad should be concocted or constructed, and with Baron de Cartier, the Ambassador of the Kingdom of Belgium, telling of the composition of *Waterzoie de volaille*. The screen is there with Charlie Chaplin (steak and kidney pie) and Douglas Fairbanks (bread tart). Literature is there with such names as Booth Tarkington(corn flakes), Stewart Edward White (mulligan), William Allen White (vegetable salad), Irvin S. Cobb (hog jowl and turnip greens); Rex Beach (onion clam chowder), Meredith Nicholson (Wabash Valley steak); Montague Glass (bouillebaisse), George Ade (scalloped oysters), Basil King (lobster a la King), Henry van Dyke (fish chowder) and others.

In his introduction Robert H. Davis tells the illuminating story of the French nobleman who, in the early seventies, was found seated at the table with his face in a plate of soup. Because of the fact that a butcher knife had been inserted via the back between his fourth and fifth ribs on the left side, he was quite dead. Clews led nowhere. It became one of the mysteries. Long afterward an old man tottered into the office of the Prefect and announced that he wished to make a confession. "Proceed," said the official. "'Twas I," responded the ancient, "who delivered the death stroke to the Duc de la —— thirty-five years ago." "What inspired you to make the confession?" "Pride." "I do not comprehend. The details, if you please." "By profession I was a chef," said the self-accused. "The Duc, at a fabulous price, enticed me into his service. His first request was that I make for him a perfect consomme. *Voila!* For three days I prepared this perfection. With my own hand I placed before him the soup tureen. With my own hand I ladled it out. He inhaled its divine essence; and then, your Honor, *he reached for the salt. Mon Dieu!* I destroy him." The Prefect embraced the artist and took him out to lunch.